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Cali and her husband have always had a good sex life, as she's never denied any of his fantasies or pleasures. From role playing to exhibitionism, they've done it all. Lately however, Cali's husband has grown a little tired of the usual and has recently confessed to his dutiful wife that he wants to see her fucking another man. Initially shocked, Cali found herself surprisingly excited at the prospect of new meat.



























Lisa was what you call an "ugly duckling" during the better part of her life. Lucky for her she found a rich husband who loved the way she fucked, even if she wasn't much to look at. Hubby had the big bucks so he decided to remake his little sex kitten into a statuesque, busty goddess. She loved her new look, but now that she was smoking hot, she decided that limiting herself to one man wasn't going to cut it anymore. Poor hubby, he created a nympho who cheated on him any chance she got.





Now that she looked so young and hot, Lisa was on the prowl for some younger cock. She picked her stepson for her first conquest.









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Cheyenne was always the responsible one, raising two kids, taking care of the home, attending the grandkids' school functions. In short, she had dedicated her life to her family. Her husband, by contrast was a workaholic who was always hunting down the next deal. The money was great but Cheyenne missed feeling like a woman was supposed to. Still, she felt fulfilled knowing that she had raised the family right. That all changed when she accidentaly discovered that not only was hubby chasing down deals, he was also chasing pussy, and lots of it. After her initial shock wore off, Cheyenne vowed revenge the way only a woman can.









































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When Mrs Carson moved in next door, I knew she was hot. She was dark-haired, with flashing brown eyes and great legs. She was also around 45 — maybe 50 — and I simply love women that age.

See, I'm unusual for a 30-year-old. Now most men my age, they're hungry for what I call young tottie. Well, you can keep the kids just out of high school — most of 'em don't know how so suck, and they've not got the experience a woman in her 50s has.

And Mrs Carson looked like she'd had plenty of experience. She had a wide mouth, which she prettied up with bright red lipstick and it was a mouth that said, quite simply "I've sucked a lot of cock!"

And after her first week-end of lying out by her swimming pool, I found out something else about her. She had fantastic tan lines!

I don't know about you, but when I see a woman naked — and I love seeing hot women naked! — and I can see the tan lines where she's sunbathed in a bikini and you get this fantastic contrast between sun-bronzed flesh and whiter flesh. It gives me a fuckin' boner, I can tell you.

And Mrs Carson, the very first fuckin' weekend, lay out by her pool in the nude! As if she didn't care who saw her. Well, maybe that's not quite true. There's a high fence around the pool and bushes, but from my attic study window, I've got a great view down on the deck around the pool. And with my binoculars, I can focus in on whatever particular points take me interest!

In that case of Mrs Carson, that was her rack, with its large, brown nipples, and her pussy, which she shaved back in a semi-crew cut. Fuck, she had large labia too! Just what the pervert liked to wrap his lips around!



THE LADY WITH THE TAN LINES

I was upstairs working on an article for this magazine I write for — I review classical music and I'm pretty astute, even if I say so myself — and my parents, who I sort of look after, had gone out for an afternoon round of golf. So I had plenty of time to look out the window and stroke my cock as I watched Mrs Carson sunbathe. And she had a trim, slim, long-legged, sexy fuckin' figure! But what got me — apart from her lovely tits, her tight butt and her semi-shaved snatch — was the lines over her glorious globes and at her crotch where you could see that she'd previously sunbathed in a

bikini! Fuck, I came twice watching her. Then I decided I'd do something about it. Quite what, I didn't have a clue, but I hoped something would, as they say "come up!"

It did about a week later at the shopping mall. I was just mooching along, trying to be interested in shop fronts, but really keeping cool in the aircon while waiting to meet some friends in the local bar, when I spotted Mrs Carson looking at some jewellery display.

"Well," I said, moving next to her, "if it isn't the lovely lady with the sensational tanlines!"

I said it because she was wearing a sort of tight, black halter top, and you could see the tanlines on her shoulders. She was also wearing dazzling white hot pants, and high-heeled fuck me shoes, and her tan was terrific.

She looked at me, a blank look and then suddenly she recognized me. "Why if it's not Brad from next door," she smiled. "Tanlines?" And then she looked down at her right shoulder, and smiled: "Oh yeah, these! You like 'em, eh?"

I nodded and debated whether to add "But I've seen a lot more of 'em" and decided against it. Instead, I asked: "Care for a cool drink on a hot afternoon?"

And that's how I got the chance to chat her up, over a long, ice-cold milkshake at the local donut store. Yeah, I bought us two donuts each, as well!

I charmed her with my witty conversation, and then Mrs Carson reach out and place her sunbronzed hand against mine. "Now, Brad, you really like my tanlines, correct?"

I nodded, "Correct,"

"Wanna see more of 'em?" she asked, with a grin that wasn't too far from a leer.

I was gobsmacked, but managed to come out with another gasped "Correct" and she picked up her grab bag and said: "OK, then follow me home."

I walked out with her into the sweltering heat of the parking lot, found my Chevvy, and drove to where she'd parked her little Lotus sports car, then followed her to her place. I didn't give a fuck what the neighbors thought, I parked right behind her in the driveway.

Once inside the house, she was in my arms in a flash, her hot pants grinding against my crotch, and soon my cock was making a pole in my jeans. She dragged me upstairs and as I stripped out of my jeans, t-shirt and loafers, she pulled off her tank top and pushed down her white hot pants. She wasn't wearing panties!

I groaned as I saw her gloriously white-edged pussy, with her dark, jet black pubic hair nestling around her labia, and I went down on my knees and lapped at her crotch. She was soaking wet! I guessed she was either hot from her drive home, or she'd been thinking about sex for some time!



I licked away at her tasty snatch for a while, and then she grabbed my long hair and started to really bang her pussy up and down on my mouth and tongue. Soon, she was yelling something about "I'm fuckin' cummin' Brad, lick me!" so I didn't stop. Then she let loose with a spray of sex juice that nearly fuckin' drowned me as she had her climax on my face. I licked her slowly as she calmed down, then I stood up and pushed her onto her back on the bed and rammed my seven-inches of stiff cock into her sopping wet cunt and plowed up and down on her glorious body, with it's white stripes on her titties where she'd worn a bikini while out in the sun.

I came with a hiss and a roar, and then we laid back and relaxed. I fucked her again later, this time with her on top, so's I could lick her rack and her hard nipples as she waved her breasts above my face, and I came again as she enjoyed her second climax — almost a simultaneous "double cum".

"You know," I told her, after she fetched us cool beers from down in her kitchen, "that pool of your's is very secluded. I reckon you could get rid of them tan lines and get an overall tan."

She looked at me with a big smile. "And I thought you really liked my tan lines?" she said, taunting me by rubbing her full, firm rack across my upper chest.

I laughed. Then I debated whether to confess that I'd seen her sunning herself in the nude. But I decided against it. Sometimes you can push your luck too far!

-Bradley Boulter





























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Maybe Kelly's not the best looking girl on the block but what she lacks in the look department she more than makes up for in effort. You see, she's a nasty old ho who realized early on in life that if she wanted a full sex life she had to be willing to do anything to please her lovers. This philosophy has served her well as it's a rare occurence indeed that her bed is empty.





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Mae is used to getting loads of attention for as long as she can remember. This southern belle is a veteran of the beauty pageant circuit and although her best years may be behind her, she's still got the looks that won her many a title. The best part? Mae's addicted to the sensation of being worshiped so that makes her an easy lay for anybody that says the right things or looks at her the right way.















































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Mom had gone away to Vegas for a long weekend – she's into that blackjack game, something wins, mainly loses. But she reckons that's the game where the odds are less stacked against the punter. If she believes that, then fine.

"Mrs Mapperly is having a party for some of her friends tonight, Tony," she told me, as she prepared to grab her overnight bag out of the trunk of the Viper. "She says you're welcome to go over, there will be a shortage of teenagers for her lady friends," mom laughed.

So I went. I'm only a teenager for another month or so, but at 19, I'm tall, well-built, dark-hair and apparently swarthy good looks. My cock's got "swarthy good looks", too, it's almost nine inches. I know it may be what nature gave me, but I'm proud of it!

I went over to Mrs Mapperly's around 9 o'clock, after a shave and shower and picking out some suitable clothing. There were some men there, but mostly women. Woman that mom would refer to as "of a certain age". I think, by that, she means middle-aged.

When she'd given me a beer, Mrs M looked around. "Now let's see, Tony, who can I team you up with? You like boots? Got a boot fetish, have you?"

Well, Mrs Mapperly is around 45 and I've never discussed my fetishes with her, but if I had it would be Milfs in "fuck me" boots. "Sure," I confessed, "I've got a thing for boots, and especially if they're being worn by a Milf."

My hostess looked at me with a pretend smile. "Well, Tony, if that's what you want, that's what you'll get. Come and meet Raewyn. She's 30 and she wears boots — that do you?"

I nodded. "Lead the way, Mrs M." I can call her that, I've known her for five years, ever since mom and me moved in next door.

Raewyn turned out to be a tallish blonde, which came almost to her shoulders. She was pretty, blue-eyed and had on a lace-up top made of sheer white leather, which cupped her puppies



THE WOMAN IN THE FUCK ME BOOTS

very nicely. Between the bottom of the leather thing, was a nice expanse of brown flesh, and then a pair of faded blue jeans, tight-fitting. She had a great butt and long legs.

She also had on bright blue "fuck me" boots. They were laced in back, all the way from her ankles to the top back of the boots, which came half-way up her thighs. They weren't really "fuck me" boots, they were stronger than that — they were "Fuckin' fuck me!" boots.

I held out a hand and told her "Tony, I'm 19 and I love boots like that on women like you".

She laughed. "I'm Raewyn, I'm 30, and I love cheeky teenagers. You are a cheeky teenager, aren't you, Tony?"

I sipped my beer and laughed along with her. "Try me, Raewyn." I dunno, she just made me feel confident, I guess.

"OK, Tony – what would you like to do with these boots?"

I looked at them and saw they were made of very supple leather, which made me think they'd been fuckin' expensive. "First, I'd like to run my hands all over them," I said.

"Good starter," said Raewyn.

"Then I'd like to lick them all over."

"Getting better, Tony," she grinned.

"And then I'd like to push down my shorts and rub my hard cock all over them, too. I'd clean 'em up later."

Raewyn stepped closer to me. "Fuckin' fantastic," she said. "One last question and I'll let you do all that. Your cock? Description, please, Tony, just the bare facts!" And she laughed a husky, sexy laugh.

"Eight and three quarters of an inch," I said. "Enough facts for you, Raewyn?"

She gave a sort of pretend shudder. "Perfect, you're on. Come on outside, there's a little cabina by the pool, we can make out in there."

I found it amazing it had taken such a short time, but as she turned to show me how cute her ass was, I followed instantly. My cock was already surging in my pants.

We slipped out from the noisy party and Raewyn held my hand as we walked to the cabina at the far end of the pool. Inside, she shut the door, put on a little lamp by the single bed in the room, and drew the curtains, which would hide our activities.

"Strip, big boy," she said, holding her glass and looking at me with amusement. "Then you can start by stroking my boots. Then you can kiss 'em. After you've rubbed your cock all over 'em, I might — might, OK? — push my jeans down and then I'll leave the rest up to you!"

I was naked quickly, checked to make sure she'd locked the door — she had — and then I went on my knees and started to stroke her shiny, slippery boots with my hands. I didn't last long, because I wanted to kiss them, and the aroma of the leather was strong in my nostrils. Finally, it was my cock's turn and I rubbed it against them, mainly on the calf region and then on inner and outer thighs. My cock was hot for her, and it left little snail trails of pre-cum on the leather.

"Enough, big guy," she said, after I pressed my hard-on against the boots for a minute or so. And she went down on her knees and started to lick the underside of my shaft, all the way to my thick-lipped helmet. Then she sucked on me, deep, I've never been sucked so deep!

When she finally stood up, licking her lips, I found that she'd lost the white leather top. Her shapely tits – they weren't big, but a nice mouthful – had erect nipples and white outlines where she sunbathed in a bikini. I kissed them and then found the belt and clasp of her jeans. I



pushed them to her knees, over the tops of the boots, and turned her to face the bed.

The front of Raewyn's thigh pressed hard against the bed, and then my cock's helmet pressed hard against her cunt lips as she bent and steadied herself on the mattress. I slid easily right up her, and as I did she moaned "Furrrck me, what a lovely cock, Tony!"

I couldn't hold back long, she was such a nice, tight fuck, and I was hot for her. I was soon pumping hot jizz into her, a lovely long cum, but I knew I'd pumped my seed too long. I told her I'd make it up for our next fuck.

She found a tissue, cleaned herself up, then made me go down on my knees. She spread her feet as wide apart as the jeans around her knees would allow, and I licked her shaved snatch. She came about as guick as I did.

Back at the party, she said: "That's a great cock, Tony. What you doing tomorrow?"

I thought. "Fuckin' you at my place?" I suggest-

ed. "Mom's gone to Vegas for the week-end."

She smiled and kissed me on the mouth, very softly, very quickly. Most of the men at the party saw. Most, if not all, were jealous of me.

"I'll be there," she said. "Now, I must mingle."

"Don't forget to bring those boots," I said.

"I've got five pairs," she said. "Shall I bring 'em all?"

"Sure," I said. After all, I've got a boot fetish, right?

Tony D'amato











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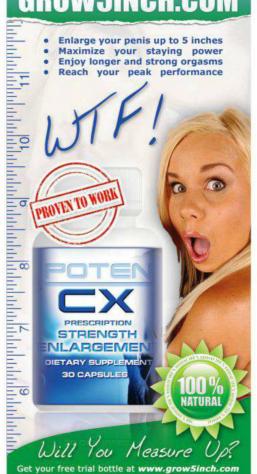


















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